

*Make haste get you home,
For fear of the clappers,
They'll knock you down backwards;
Make haste get you home.*

*Take care of your young,
Tell them of the clappers,
That knock you down backwards;
Take care of your young.*

*Tom Trot will be just,
While he has the clappers,
To knock you down backwards,
Tom Trot will be just.*

*To good Farmer Rye,
For they are his clappers,
That knock you down backwards;
I serve Farmer Rye.*

Tom

Tom Trot was famous over all the country for keeping the birds away, for no sooner did he begin to sing, than they all took to their wings, and fled with the greatest precipitation imaginable; not that *Tom* had a bad voice, no, he had a tolerable good one; but they knew that he would be as good as his word if they came within his reach.

But *Tom* did not keep this employment long; he was too good a boy to be passed over with neglect. A gentleman, therefore, who lived in the town, took particular notice of him one day as he was riding by the field when *Tom* was singing, and

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